

INTIMATIONS.

CHINESE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT EIGHT PER CENT. LOAN OF 1881.

THIRD DRAWING.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in conformity with the stipulation contained in the Bonds of this Loan, that the sum of £1,000,000 of Bonds to be paid at the Office of the HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION, in Hongkong on the 17th day of November, 1884, when the interest thereon will cease to be payable, were this day drawn at the Office of the said Corporation in Hongkong, in the presence of Mr. HERBERT MAURICE BEVIL Acting Chief Accountant of the said Corporation, and of the undersigned Notary.

NUMBERS OF BONDS DRAWN.

1,000 Bonds, Nos.—

Nos. Nos. Nos. Nos. Nos. Nos. Nos. Nos. Nos.

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THE DAILY MAIL. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1884.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

WEDNESDAY, 19TH November.

EXPORT CARGO.

Per steamship *Orester*, milled on the 19th November—For London—15,677 lbs. cotton, 60,900 lbs. rice, 322 lbs. opium, 10,000 lbs. general cargo, 1,923 lbs. tobacco, 10,000 lbs. waste silk, 285 lbs. pictures, 200 lbs. hardware, sundries, for South America—300 packages tobacco, from Manila—22 cases cigar, 60 boxes tobacco, 370 lbs. hemp. From Yokohama—33 bags waste silk, 50 lbs. tobacco, and 47 packages sundries.

OTUM.

Quotations are—
Malwa (New). \$50 per picul, ales, of 16 ottolas.
Malwa (Old). \$50 per picul, ales, of 1 to 2 ottolas.

Patta (New) \$55 per chack.
Patta (Old) \$60 to \$62 per chest.

Banaras (New) 557/-

EXCHANGE.

On LONDON—Bank Bills, on demand 37/-
Bank Bills at 30 days' sight 37/-
Bank Bills at 4 months' sight 37/-
Credits at 3 months' sight 37/-
Discount on Bills, at 4 months' sight 37/-

On PARIS—Bank Bills, on demand 45/-
Credits at 4 months' sight 46/-
On BOMBAY—Bank, 3 days' sight 22/-
On CALCUTTA—Bank, 3 days' sight 22/-
On SHANGHAI—Bank, sight 73/-
Private, 30 days' sight 74/-

SHARES.

Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Shares—127 per cent. premium.

United States Stock of Canton, Limited—\$60 per share, as due.

China Traction Company's Shares—\$63 per share. Buyers—Tls. 235 per share.

North China Insurance Association—Tls. 105 per share.

Chinese Insurance Company, Limited—\$175 per share, ex div.

On Tai Ping Company, Limited—Tls. 143 per share.

Canton Insurance Office, Limited—\$83 per share.

Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$35 per share. Buyers—

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$67 per share. Buyers—

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—\$100 per share. Buyers—

Hongkong, Canton, and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—\$33 per share premium.

Indo-China Steam Navigation Co.'s Shares—33 per cent. discount.

China and Manilla Steamship Company, Limited—\$9 per cent. discount.

Douglas Steamship Company, Limited—Par, nominal.

Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$90 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—\$120 per share.

China Sugar Refining Company, Limited—104 per share.

China Sugar Refining Company (Debentures)—nominal.

Luzon Sugar Refining Company, Limited—\$70 per share.

Hongkong Ice Company's Shares—\$1,424 per share.

Hongkong and China Bakery Company, Limited—\$110 per share.

Perak Tin Mining and Smelting Company—\$40 per share.

Sabangai Tin Mining Company—\$29 per share.

Perak Sugar Cultivation Company—Tls. 35 per share.

Hongkong Rope Manufacturing Company, Limited—\$13 per share.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1881—2 per cent. div.

HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

(From "Met. Forecast & Co's Register")

November 18th.

Barometer—A.M. 63
C. 63
Thermometer—F. 67
Min. 65
Max. 70
Humidity—F. 60
Wind—N.E.
Pressure—M. 101.61
Temperature—Min. 60

Barometer—A.M. 63
C. 63
Thermometer—F. 67
Min. 65
Max. 70
Humidity—F. 60
Wind—N.E.
Pressure—M. 101.61
Temperature—Min. 60

HONGKONG TIDE-TABLE.

From 15th November, 1884.

LOW WATER.

HIGH WATER.

WEIGHT.

EXTRACTS.

UNBELIEF.

There is no unbelief:
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push through the soil;
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient hast; light breaketh by and by."
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's cold of snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow.
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to look each some in slumber deep,
Knows God will keep.

Whoever says "To-morrow," "The Unknown,"
"The future," "trusts the Power alone.
He dares not.

The heart that looks on when eyelids close,
And dares to live when life has only woes,
God's comfort knows.

There is no unbelief:
And day by day, and night, unconsciously,
The heart lives by that faith dips deep.
God knows why!

EDWARD BULWER LYTON.

ROYAL ARTISTS. —
Royalties from Nero downward, besides being patrons of science, art and literature, often amuse themselves by becoming amateur disciples of the muses. In the English royal family there is more than one instance of this, and there is not a European court at which there is not at least one royal artist. In this respect Germany decidedly takes the lead in arts as in war. The Crown Prince himself is a turner, whose productions a well-known master-turner and Socialist not unfrequently exhibits in his shop. The Crown Princess has given many a proof of her facility with the pen and brush; Prince Wilhelm, their sleek son, is a photographer; and Prince Heinrich, the sailor, has inherited his mother's taste for painting. Other members of the imperial family have tried, more or less successfully, their luck as dramatic authors and novelists. Flute-playing, since Frederick the Great's time, is said to have been an accomplishment of every male Hohenzollern.—*New York Evening Post.*

A HINT FOR THE CAMEL CORPS.
In the accounts of the kit and accoutrements furnished to the men of the Camel Corps who sailed from Portsmouth lately, no mention is made of anything in the shape of a bolt or girdle to be drawn closely around the body when mounted on the ship of the desert." Readers of "Colonel Gordon" in "Central Africa," however, will remember that Gordon speaks most strongly of the importance of something akin to tight lacing as a preventive against the derangement, and even partial displacement, of the internal organs which camel-riding, for any length of time tends to produce, and lameness that himself had not observed that protection. It is to be hoped that this particular has not been overlooked by the military authorities and their medical advisers, who appear to have been at the greatest pains to secure that the Camel Corps, and indeed the whole of the expeditionary force shall be furnished with all the requisites for the maintenance of the best possible average of health during the campaign. Fortunately, the appliances needed for checking, in the manner just mentioned, the injurious effects of the jolting motion of the camel can hardly be very elaborate, and if they have been omitted it may be possible to provide the omission in time.—*Leeds Mercury.*

THE SECRET OF LIVING LONG.
A correspondent of the *Vallée* recently had an interview with M. Chevreuil, the famous French chemist, whose ninety-ninth birthday has just been celebrated by the Academy of Science. After thanking the journalist for all his good wishes, the old man proceeded to tell him the secret of living long. "I have never been a pessimist," said he, "and I have cautiously kept myself from being too much of an optimist. If I had not worked hard I would have died long ago. One thing above all I have remarked: the older I grow the better mankind seems to become. I have seen the Reign of Terror. I was then seven years old. Such a thing will never again be reproduced in the world. To-day we have more need of universal peace than of foolish reprisals. Times are more gentle and life is better."

"To-morrow, my dear master," said the journalist, "you will appear even better than you do to-day."

"Fshaw," replied the venerable savant, "let us not trouble ourselves about to-morrow. Let us enjoy the present. I had a model of a wife, the mother of a most exemplary family. She has left me a postscript that I love and by whom I am loved. Why, one of my little great-granddaughters—she is three years old—salutes the bust of her old grandfather every morning. Another of them, quite a learned lady of nine years, wrote this to me the other day: 'My dear papa, I'm tired of the country. My sister Marie likes housekeeping; I don't. I like to read. I want to be a librarian when I grow up. They call me Miss Blue Stocking, and that vexes me.' The old man laughed. "Why, my dear Sir," he continued, "I am made young again by just such letters as these. Moreover, I have always put in practice the old adage, 'Seek and you shall find.' I have sought, and I have always found something, at the domestic fireside as well as in the laboratory."

CIVILISATION AND THE SENSE OF SMELL.

Why does not someone write a companion sketch to Mr. Bradenham Carter's recent letter in the *Times* on "The Effect of civilisation on the sense of smell," terming it, for the sake of harmony, "The effect of civilisation on the nose-smell"? It is very evident from the vile odours in which the poor of great cities habitually move and have their being that their sense of smell is quite as degenerate as their sense of sight. They could not otherwise live without their gorge rising against the harsh smells he made. Some of his prints while engaged in Birmingham are characteristic of the man. On one occasion he, with several other concert hall artists, was engaged to attend a holiday gala at the Pump Grottoes, Leamington. They drove from Birmingham to Leamington, and on the way met an aged countryman driving a donkey cart laden with four large baskets of mushrooms, which the owner hoped to dispose of to the holiday-makers. Leybourne accepted him, and after a deal of chaffing, bought the whole paraphernalia—donkey cart and mushrooms—from the man for 45/- Leaving his companions, to drive into Leamington in their dashing turnout, he announced his intention of finishing the journey in that style. And he did it. He drove all through the streets of Leamington, his long legs dangling over the side of the cart and almost touching the ground, and on arriving at the entrance gate he managed to get his new acquisition admittance into the gardens, where he at once commenced to hawk his mushrooms. The picture of a man dressed in the height of fashion, sitting on a donkey cart and shouting out, "Fine fresh mushrooms; buy them, buy them;" took the fancy of the crowd, and very soon three-fourths of the savoury fungi had disappeared at an astonishingly low price. The boy then pulled on the conjugal singer, and the late owner, coming up his donkey and restored to him for 23/- *Birmingham Daily Mail.*

THE ORIGIN OF A PITTICOAT.
It was at about the same date (1855-56) that our gracious Queen set the fashion of wearing a sort of under-petticoat, an idea obtained from the milkmaids at Balneario. It is said that the late Prince Consort, in admiring the effect of the red petticoat, the landscape suggested that her Majesty should adopt one also. This sealed the fate of white petticoats in England. They had been worn previously to that both in summer and winter and, of course, in order to make sufficient warmth, several had to be put on, thus adding to the weight to be carried at the waist. Since the introduction of the so-called skirt the fashion of the coloured petticoat has been maintained, and the useful skirt lined with leather has also been introduced for walking in the country in muddy weather.—*Leisure Hour.*

THE SANITARY CONDITION OF NAPLES.

An article on the sanitary condition of Naples gives extracts from several Neapolitan newspapers describing the filthy state of old Naples. The *Opinione* says: "Along-side new Naples there still continues to exist old Naples, dirty, without light, without air, wherein 300,000 human beings live in habitations that resemble caverns. There cholera has established its headquarters, and from thence it is diffused. It is no exaggeration to say that part of Naples is a perennial outrage to civilisation." Naples is, in fact, a centre of infection in the middle of Europe, where cholera has broken out spontaneously again and again before the *canal* was either finished or even thought of. Up to twenty years ago, when Italy was divided into little principalities, without railroads and commerce or the present rapid and continuous communication with the rest of Europe, the danger Naples presented was slight, but scarcely as much can be asserted now.

HOLDING THE RAM.
"Will you not, therefore, sit to hold this ram for while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I must climb over?" This modest remark was made by a man who was standing at a gate of a lonely road, and it was addressed to a stalwart soldier who had just come up. The other soldier visible on the long, straight road was the large black ram, whose massive crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite still in front of the gate. "What, suddenly, shipmates?" said the clinging tar, as he seized the big horns and relieved the first holder. The latter climbed quickly over the gate. "Thank you very much," he said politely, when he got to the other side. "You will be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram before to-day. The brute attacked me about half-an-hour ago, and we have been tussling ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns firmly he can't hurt you much. Good-bye. I hope you will be as lucky in getting away from him as I have been." It is not known what the sailor said.

HE DIDN'T GRASP IT.
During the war with the South there was a certain company of raw recruits marching rapidly to the front. Their way to the outpost led along a Virginia road which stretched over rolling country that was dotted here and there with clumps of trees. At a turning they saw ahead of them a pine grove, which grew about a hundred yards to the left of their path, but they were unaware that in its midst a squad of rebel cavalry was lying in ambush. As the company got abreast of the timber, the guerrillas opened a scattering-fire on their flank. It was the first time that the recruits had heard bullets singing over their heads, and moreover they had no idea that the enemy was within five miles of them, so they were uncertain how to regard this demonstration. The squad halted, undetermined what to do; and one big German, after putting his hands to his mouth trumpet-fashion, shouted toward the trees—"Stab shooting!" and then turned excitedly to the officer in command, exclaiming—"What devilish day before take this fixit and slip up to Portland?" I guess it's like that, give-me-98 ruffles and the Cross of St. George!" Whether the prayer of that child of Israel was granted or not history does not say.

A QUIESCE STORY.
There is a cheap clothing dealer on Kearney Street, San Francisco, whose clothes in mankind has received a severe setback. The other day an honest-looking countryman walked into his store and said: "You remember that second-hand mercantile?" I bought here for eight dollars, yesterday?" "Never takes pants anything ven voyage, my friend," said the hand-me-down. "Oh, that's all right. I just wanted to say that I found this fine hundred dollar bill sewed in the lining. Perhaps the owner may call for it." "Of course he will—he has call already, my ten francs," exclaimed the dealer, eagerly capturing the money. "You are very much man. Here, give it you fifty dollars as a reward. Dot will be all right." When the honest customer got around the corner he murmured softly: "I guess I'd better take this fixit and slip up to Portland."

WAR BALLOONS.
There is a deal of nonsense written, spoken, and printed in reference to the use of ballooning for the purposes of war. Until a balloon is navigable in the same way as a ship is navigable, capable of direction by sail or steam, it cannot be used with certainty; that is, there may be occasions on which a balloon may be relied on to obtain information not to be had otherwise; but it is quite uncertain whether a balloon can be used when wanted. A free balloon, in the nature of things, is practically valueless for war purposes except for escape from a beleaguered city or invested city outside of which there is safety in descent. If a balloon were sent up from any position, it would be carried in the direction of the enemy without any means of returning when the current of air set from the front, and it would be absurd to send up a free balloon to sail in the rear of the position. When a captive balloon is employed, the air must be quite still, or the balloon begins to rotate at the end of its tether. If the wind be strong in the direction of the enemy, the rotation is violent and the balloon is depressed, with unpleasant possibility of capture and destruction. If the wind be in the other way, the occupants of the balloon have a very unsatisfactory view of their own camp and none of the enemy's. In low countries, under favourable conditions, captive balloons may assure good news to those who live in them, but in India, near the Nile, where there is always a strong north or south wind, much mire, dust storms, &c., balloons would be a mockery, a delusion, and a humbug. Still, it can be no worse to have one in an off-chance.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

A SEA MONSTER.

Mr. Alfred Morris writes the following to *Nature*, from Sydney, New South Wales, under date August 4th:—A friend of mine, Captain W. H. Hopkins, of the schooner *Mary Celeste*, who has just returned from a voyage round Australia, has given me the following information, which I forward to you for publication, so much because of its interesting character, but in order that other travellers may throw some light upon the character of the animal, which, if an octopus, must be of much larger dimensions than those usually met with. On July 15, when in S. lat. 21deg. 37min. E. long. 113deg. 49min. about six miles off the Bourne Gulf on the western coast of the continent, he saw an immense creature which he took to be a species of octopus. His attention was drawn to it by a perfect cloud of sea-birds, and at first he naturally thought it must be a dead carcass. On approaching it, however, he found it was alive, and struggling fitfully. In shape it was like a violin, but of immense size, with some six fingers, the greater diameter of the violin. It lay almost flat upon the water, was of a dark grey above and lighter grey below, and was continually elevating one of its fingers, apparently twice the thickness of a man's arm, to a height of from six to eight feet. It appeared to be vomiting, and its bird-like evidently feeding, that accounted for its presence in such numbers. Its size was so great that, had it grasped the vessel, it could easily have capsized it. The captain, therefore, got out of the way as quickly as possible, and without making definite measurements; but a large whale, the vicinity looked diminutive. It is a pity that something more exact as to size is not available, but I think the description is sufficient to convey an idea of the nature of the monster. All along the northern and western coasts of the continent vast fields of panies, portions varying in size, from ordinary gravel to about a foot in diameter and completely covered with barnacles, were passed through.

"Ah, ha! Punch taken me up?" said Mr. Darwin, inquiring further to the point of the joke, which when I told him seemed to amuse him very much. "I shall get it to-morrow," he said; "I have all those things. Have you seen me in 'The Horns'?" As I had not the number referred to, he asked one of his sons to fetch the paper from upstairs. It contained a grotesque caricature representing a great gorilla having Darwin's head and feet, standing by the trunk of a tree with a club in his hand. Darwin showed it off very pleasantly, saying, slowly and with characteristic criticism, "The head is cleverly done, but the gorilla is bad; too much chest; it couldn't be like that."—*Harper.*

FREELKS OF A "COMIC" VOCALIST.

Many curious tales are told of the coarse, easy-go-easy way in which the "lion-comique," George Leybourne, scattered the rich humour he made. Some of his pranks while engaged in Birmingham are characteristic of the man. On one occasion he, with several other concert hall artists, was engaged to attend a holiday gala at the Pump Grottoes, Leamington. They drove from Birmingham to Leamington, and on the way met an aged countryman driving a donkey cart laden with four large baskets of mushrooms, which the owner hoped to dispose of to the holiday-makers. Leybourne accepted him, and after a deal of chaffing, bought the whole paraphernalia—donkey cart and mushrooms—from the man for 45/- Leaving his companions, to drive into Leamington in their dashing turnout, he announced his intention of finishing the journey in that style. And he did it. He drove all through the streets of Leamington, his long legs dangling over the side of the cart and almost touching the ground, and on arriving at the entrance gate he managed to get his new acquisition admittance into the gardens, where he at once commenced to hawk his mushrooms. The picture of a man dressed in the height of fashion, sitting on a donkey cart and shouting out, "Fine fresh mushrooms; buy them, buy them;" took the fancy of the crowd, and very soon three-fourths of the savoury fungi had disappeared at an astonishingly low price. The boy then pulled on the conjugal singer, and the late owner, coming up his donkey and restored to him for 23/- *Birmingham Daily Mail.*

WEALTH OF THE SEA.
It was at about the same date (1855-56) that our gracious Queen set the fashion of wearing a sort of under-petticoat, an idea obtained from the milkmaids at Balneario. It is said that the late Prince Consort, in admiring the effect of the red petticoat, the landscape suggested that her Majesty should adopt one also. This sealed the fate of white petticoats in England. They had been worn previously to that both in summer and winter and, of course, in order to make sufficient warmth, several had to be put on, thus adding to the weight to be carried at the waist. Since the introduction of the so-called skirt the fashion of the coloured petticoat has been maintained, and the useful skirt lined with leather has also been introduced for walking in the country in muddy weather.—*Leisure Hour.*

HONG-KONG TRADE.

RECORDED AT CHINCHON ON THE 12TH NOV. 1884.

COTTON GOODS.

American Drills, 39 yards, per piece ... \$3.90 to 5.05

American Drills, 100 yards, per piece ... \$3.90 to 5.05

British Yarn, No. 38 to 42, per 400 lbs. ... \$9.63 to 17.40

British Yarn, No. 38 to 42, per 400 lbs. ... \$9.63 to 17.40

Cotton Yarn, No. 38 to 42, per 400 lbs. ... \$9.63 to 17.40

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Cotton Yarn, No. 38 to 42, per 400 lbs. ... \$9.6